UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

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Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

On the Value of Honesty

By H. R. MUSSEY

On the Pacific Coast

By SYDNEY STRONG

A Revaluation of Values

By PAUL H. GRUMMANN

VOLUME CIV NUMBER 1

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FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV. MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1929 NUMBER 1

THE DEMON OF DRINK

The Working Committee not only expects every Indian, who is desirous of securing freedom for his country, to boycott foreign cloth but also to make India go dry. The curse of drink is eating into the vitals of the Indian society and the laboring population in our factories is rapidly becoming degraded through the invasion of this drink evil. I suggest to every intelligent citizen of Masulipatam that it is his sacred duty to strive every nerve to bring about total prohibition, and if we do our duty we will compel even the foreign Government to introduce prohibition legislation.

—M. K. Gandhi.

The English Mandatory authorities in Palestine have a terrible responsibility for the riots which swept that country with blood and death a fortnight ago. This responsibility is two fold. In the first place, the Government failed to settle the controversy between Jews and Moslems over the Wailing Wall, out of which these recent horrors sprang. This Wailing Wall difficulty is in its essential elements perfectly simple. An intelligent and forceful executive could settle it in half an hour. But here it has been left to fester for months, with the fearful results that have shocked the world. The English are effective administrators when they want to be, or when their own imperial interests are involved. When they permit such a center of trouble as this to go on month after month unsettled, it arouses suspicions that, on the basis of the old principle of "divide and rule," the English find it convenient to have dissension between Jews and Arabs in Palestine, exactly as they find it convenient to have dissension between Hindus and Moslems in India. But the English authorities have a second responsibility in this matter. By what words can we adequately describe the culpable negligence through which it became possible for this street-brawl, starting at the Wailing Wall, to spread in twenty-four hours to open warfare of Arabs against Jews throughout all of Palestine? It seems incredible that a situation, the existence of which was clearly known, and the explosive character of which was familiar to every beggar in the street, should have been allowed to get out of hand in this disastrous fashion. If it were possible to see anything funny in a tragedy which brought death to hundreds and terror to thousands of men and women, that funny thing would be the British Empire puttering and paltering like an old woman wringing her hands while her neighbors quarreled. This Empire was solemnly charged by the League of Nations to govern Palestine, and solemnly pledged by the Balfour Declaration to protect the Jews and "facilitate the achievement" of their "national home" in Palestine. It is time that Britian fulfilled her contract.

The newspapers of this country made a fine spectacle of themselves when they joined so heartily in trouncing Philip Snowden upon the occasion of his stern insistence upon England's rights at the Hague conference on The Young Plan. Here has America steadfastly refused to cancel the debts owed her by England, France, Italy, insisting that money owed must be money paid, and that undue remission or sacrifice must not be expected from this nation. And lo, when England, burdened with debts and impoverishments of which we know nothing, dares to stand up and say that she also has some rights and expectations in this matter of paying debts, our newspapers denounce her and cry shame! Shame, we say, to the nation which, herself insisting upon just demands, denounces another for doing the same! In this debt business, as our readers well know, we have always believed in cancelling everything—wiping the slate clean *beginning with the German reparations.* These reparations are levied on the basis of the monstrous lie that Germany was exclusively guilty of the War and should be made to pay the costs. Now that the burden of guilt has been lifted, the burden of reparations should be lifted as well, and in compensation the Allied powers should be relieved of their indebtedness, at least to the United States. But the Allied powers, especially France, will not listen to this act of justice; and, this being the case, these Allied powers, especially France, should be made to pay their debts. The United States is perfectly right, in our judgment, in insisting under the conditions dictated by the Versailles Treaty upon the payment of the debts owed to her by the Allies, especially France. But, if we thus insist under these conditions upon *our* rights, why should we condemn England for insisting under the same conditions upon *her* rights? The Young Plan is grievously unfair to England. And our country is the last country

upon this planet to denounce England for saying so in terms that could not be misunderstood.

Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is the great man of the British Labor Cabinet. MacDonald is a disappointment as Premier. His courage, which is undoubted, is of the martyr rather than of the hero type. He could suffer without faltering the awful persecutions visited upon him as a pacifist during the War, but he cannot lead in adventurous and daring feats of constructive statesmanship. The moment he takes office, he becomes timid. Furthermore, his intellectual capacity is obviously no match for his oratorical power and moral passion. Of the other Cabinet members, Thomas, Clynes, and Henderson, the old war-horses of Labor's fighting days, are good, honest, brave, substantial, trustworthy men, without a spark of genius and with nothing more than ordinary mental range. Sankey is a great and gallant jurist. Margaret Bondfield is a woman of exceptional training and ability. Certain of the younger men show brilliant qualities. But Snowden is the one really great man of the group. A hopeless and pitifully disabled cripple since boyhood, his vast stores of energy have been diverted from his body to his mind. No man in England's public life today can match his acute mentality, his extraordinary range of exact and thorough knowledge, his caustic wit, his shrewd understanding of men and things, his dauntless courage, and his unfaltering vision of social change. Snowden represents to an altogether exceptional degree that rare combination of idealist and realist—the dreamer and the doer. A physical dwarf, an intellectual and spiritual giant, he masters his colleagues, and almost single-handed gives that drive and power to the Labor Party which can alone enable it to do vast constructive things. Philip Snowden is today the greatest man in the English House of Commons. Never an advanced radical, a Liberal become a Socialist because he has moved with the movements of his age, he is the outstanding figure of his time and place.

Canada is one of the favorite arguments of our "wet" friends. All the provinces of the Dominion (with the exception of Quebec) used to be "dry." In the reaction following upon the War, these provinces (with the exception of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia) all went "wet" again. They now flourish under a system of government control of the liquor traffic, and American "wets" are never tired of pointing out how much better this system is working than Prohibition. But is it? Are our "wet" friends really dealing with facts, or, in this case as in so many others of the kind, is the wish father to the thought? Some light is shed on this question by the official report just published on liquor conditions in Canada. Here are some of the figures as gleaned from an account of this report published in a "wet" newspaper. Convictions for drunkenness in the 'wet" provinces, under the existing system of government control, have *increased* from 21,026 in 1918 to 33,095 in 1928. The percentage of immoderate drinkers among those whose use of liquor is recorded, fell from 19.6 in 1914 to 9.9 in 1923 (the Prohibition period!), but *increased* in 1928 to 14.4. Convictions for drunken driving *increased* from 142 in 1921 to 1322 in 1928, yet the number of automobiles in Canada only slightly more than doubled during this same period. Deaths from alcoholism, excluding Quebec, where they are numerous, "have *more than doubled* in seven years." Deaths from cirrhosis of the liver, an alcohol disease, show a similar *increase*. These are great results, aren't they? A sure demonstration that all we need to get rid of our ills in this country is to get rid of Prohibition, and put our government into the liquor business, as Canada has done? Our "wets" may think so! But we bid them to think again in the light of these official facts. There is such a thing, they may recall, as jumping from the frying pan into the fire.

"The Most Basically Spiritual Movement Ever Undertaken on Earth" is now with us. Organized "for World Regeneration," this movement has been putting forth advertising and programs which we are all of us exhorted to "save," as they are "of Historical Importance" and "Some Day Will Be Priceless." It all sounds very impressive, and sets one thinking of Buddha under the Boh-di tree and Jesus baptized of John in the Jordan. Surely this is some mystic revelation, of profound spiritual vision and insight. Hence our surprise when we discover that this great "World-Wide Movement" has to do with nothing more imaginative than "Fasting"!—yes—*fasting!!* The road to salvation is simply and solely the discipline of going without food. "The Psychological Condition During Fasting," say the circulars, "is the key to World-Wide Regeneration." Instruction is promised in the "Technique of Fasting," in "21 Methods of Quickening Elimination During the Fast," and in "What To Think About During the Fast in Order to Set Up a New and Higher Constructive Ideal." Practical considerations are brought to the fore in the statement of purpose "to provide Free Facilities for Fasting as an Act of Philanthropy." Why anybody should need "free facilities for fasting" is a mystery to us. Nothing would seem to be easier, or less expensive, than going without food. Millions have tried it, even to the point of death and beyond, and it hasn't cost them a cent, and all necessary "facilities" for the experiment have been right at hand. But the "philanthropy" should be appreciated all the same. Which leads us to the simple statement that we believe in fasting—

we know of no better discipline of body and mind! But we also believe that to attempt to elevate fasting into "the Most Basically Spiritual Movement Ever Undertaken on Earth," in a world where most people are starving or semi-starving most of the time, is very like an obscene joke.

What is to be said about the passion in this country for making and breaking records—doing something that nobody has ever done before, or doing something already done for a longer period or at a faster pace? In some cases there seems to be a reason for a record. Thus, the recent record-smashing voyage of the "Bremen" was a noble and thrilling spectacle, and it is an achievement to build and run the fastest boat upon the seven seas. There may even be some sense in seeing how fast an automobile can be driven, and how long and high an aeroplane can fly. But what is the sense in a woman swimming 61 successive hours, to beat a previous record of 60 hours, and being lifted from the pool unconscious? What good is served in building freak speed-boats to tear themselves to pieces in the waves? What glory is there in lasting out a dancing marathon longer than any other couple? The idiocy of these performances is demonstrated when it sinks to such spectacles as rocking-chair contests, flag-pole-sitting championships, and even such a vulgar exhibition as an appointed struggle between a set of yokels to see which one can *spit* the farthest. To our mind, the whole thing is a mania, illustrative of the unhealthy fever which consumes our modern life. No repose, no quiet, no inner peace! Only noise, haste, confusion, struggle—anything to beat time, forget life, and defy death! And along with this, the passion for publicity, so degradingly fed by our rotogravure and comic-strip press! There are thousands of half-witted persons in this country who are victims of "exhibitionism", an ailment perfectly familiar to the psychologist. These men and women want to be seen, to be known, to be famous. Being utterly incompetent to do anything either useful or beautiful, they undertake some circus stunt, such as rolling a peanut up Pike's Peak, or stowing-away on an Atlantic flight, or standing six hours on their toes. And immediately all the newspapers and cinema screens are wide-open to these morons, as though they had done something in which the public could be reasonably interested. The whole business in our judgment is disgusting. Any society which can find satisfaction in such antics is doomed to the scrap-heap.

On the Value of Honesty

Occasionally I wonder whether some of us do not set too high store by honesty. I do not mean the honesty that consists in paying your bills when they fall due, though I confess to a strong bourgeois prejudice in favor of that practice. But I refer to the habit of telling the truth, and what is even more difficult, acting the truth. So far as I can make out, it is a virtue quite narrowly limited in time and place. Historically, I cannot discover that it has been generally regarded as of great importance. The Greeks and Romans do not appear to have rated it very high, and the Hebrews, judging from the Old Testament scriptures, while they thought much about justice, gave comparatively little attention to truth. Nor can I see that truth speaking occupied any great place in the ethics of Jesus, though some of my friends assure me that that is simply because it was taken for granted as a matter of course. Maybe, and yet if I read the Nazarene aright, he was vastly more interested in kindness and forgiveness and love than in a virtue like truth telling, which after all is by no means always the most amiable of characteristics. In fact, so far as I can learn, among the ancient peoples the Persians appear to have been almost alone in emphasizing truthfulness as a virtue of the first order. If I remember correctly, Xenophon, in describing the education of Cyrus, mentioned three things as necessary for a Persian noble—to learn to ride a horse, to shoot straight, and to speak the truth.

Coming down to modern times, truth telling does not seem to be very widespread. The Orientals very largely seem to be of the opinion that it is more important to be kind and pleasant than to be truthful, and who shall say that they are not right? Much the same thing seems to hold true with a vast majority of the Continental Europeans, to say nothing of a good share of our own people. In fact, I have come to wonder whether truth telling as a virtue of the first order is not limited pretty largely to those classes of people who have been touched either by scientific training or by the discipline of modern business.

I am aware that the latter suggestion is quite contrary to the ordinary view, and that people mostly think of business as being no more honest than it is obliged to be. But that is just the point. A scheme of production and distribution based on credit, as our present scheme is, has got to be fundamentally honest, or it cannot work. It is only because men generally do meet their obligations when they fall due, because they do not swindle their creditors, that the system can operate. I am not closing my eyes to the rottenness that runs through the contemporary business fabric

when I make this assertion. I am not expressing astonishment at the honesty of the stock exchange, where transactions running into hundreds of millions daily are settled simply on the basis of a nod and an accompanying memorandum on a pad. I know too well the ethical demoralization of the profits system. But I assert none the less that business, so far as I can discover, seems to have been the leading force making for the necessity of keeping obligations in the life of the ordinary man, and consequently perhaps for the belief in truth telling as a virtue of the first order.

Concerning the influence of science, I suppose there is and can be no doubt. With the discovery of truth as the aim of its entire activity, there can be no higher obligation than complete loyalty to truth as found, and consequently a lying scientist is almost a contradiction in terms. So far as a man's habits of thought and action, then, are influenced by science, he seems bound to have a high regard for truth, and we habitually think of scientists as truth speakers.

Now if my surmise as to the origin of our emphasis on the speaking of truth be anywhere near right (and it is only a surmise, based on the most precarious evidence—mostly, in fact, on inability to find anyone who really knows anything about the question), how does it stand with the belief and the practice of those of us who would make of truth speaking and truth acting perhaps the supreme virtue? Certainly there is no absolute validity to the claims of business, which is nothing more than a means of helping us all keep alive. It sets before us only one of many competing ends, and it may well be that as its end occupies a relatively low place in the hierarchy of ends, so its virtues may occupy a low place in the hierarchy of virtues. Nor does the case stand much better with science. "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," said Jesus. True enough, but free from what? The scientist who talks about truth for truth's sake is talking bosh at the same time that he talks immorality. If there is no better reason for truth telling than the scientist's prejudice in favor of it, then truth telling is in a fairly bad way.

Can it be, then, that we are mistaken in the high place that some of us would accord to truth, that we are simply accepting certain temporary and local prejudices and giving them a certain absolute validity out of all proportion to their true importance? I scarcely think so. On the other hand, I am inclined to believe that the special exigencies of modern life have helped give fresh emphasis to a quality and a virtue that have always and everywhere ministered to the abundance of life, though other circumstances, perhaps, led to greater emphasis on other qualities. Certainly the man of simple honesty, whose yea is yea and whose nay is nay—certainly that man in all private and personal relations of life constitutes one of those fixed points, like the geologist's bench mark, which make it possible for life to go on, which do away with the necessity for a wasteful and complicated set of checks and tests. We build our lives on such men.

And it is largely for the lack of just such honesty that our public affairs go so badly. The lack of honesty and truth speaking in public men is in no small part due to lack of courage. We choose men to public office, sometimes on the basis of shifty and evasive statements, more often in consequence of promises made with no serious purpose of redemption. As a result public life becomes meaningless and empty, or worse. And because public morality deals largely with the distant and the unseen, it is hard to keep it at the levels that citizens maintain in their private relations. We expect states in their dealings with one another to do things that would never be tolerated in relations between gentlemen. I venture to believe, then, that complete honesty and frankness in public affairs, in the public relations of public men "lavish truth," as one teacher of ethics called it in contradistinction to "adequate truth"—would be of more service even than in private dealings, would be in fact, one of the greatest single influences for preventing political organizations from helping rather than hindering the life of the citizen.

So it is that I defend my prejudice in favor of truth, by noting how it serves us at once in private relations and in public affairs. If it has no absolute validity, it has none the less the highest practical utility, and as life becomes more complicated and inter-related, that utility continually increases. Honesty has always had some value; today it has become essential; tomorrow it will be indispensable. H. R. MUSSEY.

America—On the Pacific Coast

(Editorial Correspondence)

Here are some of the people that come to mind when I think of the Pacific Coast—all readers of UNITY. Thoughts of them are sweeter than "Honey Dew" and "Mission Orange." The first is Frederick Starr, like a lighthouse, located at Seattle. The ablest scholar, in my judgment, in the whole Northwest. Who is abler in the U. S. A.? And concerning such vital subjects. Know about Japan? About China? About the Philippines? About Mexico? About Africa? Yes, he is quintupled. And, he *knows*. Strike him about Japan. He was decorated years ago by being given a big yoke and degree that the Japanese claim comes down for scholars from heaven through their emperor, a son of heaven.

As to China and Japan, I found him yesterday with his guardian angel, his sister, in the midst of 800

books, ranged in scholarly order from China and Japan. He was indexing, cataloging—to be ready for consultation, for his next (I think he said his next two) books! Touch him on the Philippines—and he knows this subject as well as he knows Chicago. He will give the reasons why special interests are favoring independence for the islands. It hangs on tariff, not justice. Speak of Mexico, he was there long before Morrow and Lindbergh, on the errand of understanding and good will. And again, he knows his knitting. And, Africa. He spent a year in the heart of Africa, Congo, etc., away from the face of white man—I think he found it a relief to get away from the hard face of the white man—and don't forget Liberia—mention some American who knows more about Liberia. I fear that some of us couldn't find Liberia on the map. He was recently elected to the *Academico Correspondiente* of the National Academy of Arts and Letters of Cuba. There are but two other correspondents in the United States—only 99 in the whole membership.

When you visit Seattle remember that Frederick Starr lives here, and he *lives*. He is the same Starr who writes book reviews for UNITY. If I were Mr. Ochs of the New York *Times*, or Mr. Hearst, I should implore Frederick Starr to write the leading reviews. They would be rich contributions to the libraries and intelligence of the world. And, be it known that he writes for UNITY, as a labor of love. About the writers for UNITY, there is no problem of love or money —it is pure love.

I think also of David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University, bearing no blood relationship to Frederick Starr, but twins in ability and scholarship. Starr's specialty, if my memory serves me, is anthropology, while Jordan's is biology. No abler scholar in all California. Stop there? No, from Germany to Australia his name is known and his works quoted. I think that Herbert Hoover would say that he owed more to President Jordan than to any other living man. When we were slipping into war with Mexico a dozen years ago, who was it went down to the border and protested effectively? He was nearly mobbed for it by the business interests. He did his utmost to keep the world out of this last mad war. Nearly mobbed more than once, as was the father of Lindbergh up in Minnesota. There is a "Jordan Peace Plan" that applied would finish up this wild barbarism of the race. Not long ago, in spite and because of his opposition to wars, and many, many other things, he was named by the legislators of California as her greatest son. Something like that, or better. Jordan has had decorations and degrees, like Starr's. It will be impossible to bury them in coffins—it would require mausoleums. Ordinarily, I approve of cremation, but for men like Starr and Jordan, nothing but mausoleums will answer. Jordan also is a reader of UNITY (so is Dr. Dewey) and he even writes poetry for UNITY, this eminent biologist.

And in Southern California are Robert Whitaker and Upton Sinclair—two readers of UNITY. They are able to qualify for the Pacific Coast quartette. Everybody knows Sinclair. He is known both in his "own country" and in other countries. He is known at the "Hub" and no American novelist is so much read and translated, in England, Germany, Turkey, Italy, Russia, Australia, Japan—he got around the world before the Zep tried—a kindly, fine spirit, indefatigable worker in the vineyard in all that will relieve the oppression and monotony of life. Sinclair has really moved the world, and he found a place for his fulcrum in that Garden of Paradise—Pasadena. He has literally made mankind wear a path to his door.....And, my friend, Robert Whitaker, now at La Crescenta. A reader of and writer for UNITY. Less known, he is the peer of the others. He was born in England, and is now in the midst of writing the story of America, and few can do it better. He hates war with a perfect hatred. He was a leader among the American pacifists, who early went to jail for saying what everybody now says to be true. He was denied admission to a British country on the ground that he had sympathy with Ireland. Robert gets into trouble because he puts into action what he believes to be true. He is much like Eugene Debs, in both spirit and talent. He is restless as long as a comrade is in prison. He is one of the most peace-conscious men of my acquaintance. Is anyone for disarmament, he more. Is anyone trying to get the release of Mooney and the Centralia boys, he more. Is anyone for brotherhood, he more. A few weeks back, he wrote:

> I have finished my first volume, and am so dog-goned tired that I felt like pitching the manuscript, type-writer, and desk into a hole a mile deep . . . It has been hot enough for a hole several miles deep. However, I have been building a stone wall, and so feel rested up, and ready to begin revision in a few days.

Whitaker is poet, preacher, lecturer, with a big, big heart and a brain as big. Whether he will become widely known as author—he has published much already—I do not yet know. There is high probability. He is highly proletarian. I am certain that if he were to travel about the world there would not be a single land where many would not hail him with acclaim and handshakes. Many of these—to his praise —would be wearing overalls. "Building a stone wall." That expresses Whitaker well. In hard work he finds recreation. He is not afraid of "stone walls." In fact, he rather prefers them. He is a fine product of the ideals of the British and the American—and he knows Britain clear beyond King John; and America, he knows America back to the Pilgrims, and beyond.

Speaking of "Honey Dew"—a drink based on orange—I am reminded that a chain of thirty "Honey Dew" restaurants have recently been started, centering in this very town of Seattle. Also, a chain of "Helen Ardelle" Candy shops, to make the world sweeter. Helen Ardelle a few years ago was a student at the "U" when she made candy in her kitchen to put herself through. If I were not a "blind dry" I should add—result of Prohibition in awakening an appetite for drink and sweets! If I were in the secret service I should investigate these endless chains. Might it not be a plot of the communists to bring in communism by hook or crook; for this endless merging and multiplication is sure to land us into the efficiency of cooperation, without our knowing. We are getting our medicine, sugar coated.

Here are two things about Seattle, one in praise, the other noted in sadness. What is known as Denny Hill is being removed and cast into the Sea. I calculate that this "Hill" has dirt enough to make a cube (I am not an engineer) 50 feet high and 1,000 feet square. This I take to be around forty million cubic feet of earth and rocks. It is being done by means of endless vulcanized rubber bands, upon which, oper-

ated in different parts of the hill, the soil is being carried over a quarter of a mile, deposited in a barge in the Sound (nearly bottomless) which barge being filled ingeniously turns turtle, dumps the soil, and is immediately ready for the business of receiving and dumping again its load into the Sound. Two years will be required to remove this mountain of earth. This hill is quite near the heart of the city, but there is no interference with traffic, since the earth is carried through a covered overhead bridge, from the Hill to the Sound.

The other thing, unrelated, is not so commendable. A dozen or score of "New York Exchange tickers" have been set up in this city. They are scattered over the business part. These are duplicates of what I have seen in the late Waldorf-Astoria. I am told that there are many "suckers." When I was a boy, a sucker was a very poor kind of fish. I have puzzled my brain to discover any possible benefit from this kind of gamble. I can discover none, except for the pockets of the operators. I am told by men in the savings banks that frequently—such fools men be—small deposits will be withdrawn for the purpose of playing the game. One of my observing friends remarked, "Once he wins, then always an addict." This is a disease that does not cure itself. I suspect that the disease is nation-wide. I feel like repeating some advice that a favorite uncle gave me when a lad, "Have a good time, my boy, but don't be a fool!"

Hands across the Pacific into the Far West! The new Australian commissioner has come to Seattle, and gone on East. His name is Herbert Brookes. He has been feted and given receptions, by society and the Chamber of Commerce. He is speaking much of friendship, and now and then gets in a word about the tariff and balance of trade that needs to be restored. If our tariff will help to bring about Philippine independence, it may help to bring about undue rivalry between America and Australia. There are two countries, at least—Canada and Australia—with which we should have freedom such as exists between our 48 States. Mr. Brookes is profoundly impressed by the "great strides recently made toward perfect harmony between the Commonwealth and the Republic." He believes that the peace of the world hangs on "union of the English-speaking peoples." Certain it is, that if antagonism exists between the English-speaking peoples, there can be no peace on earth. Why not away with our exasperating tariff walls? You know what we think of the old Wall of China! Personally, I should offer no objection to our country joining a Union of the English peoples of the world—with portable capitals at London, Washington, Canberra, Johannesburg. But, why stop at the English-speaking? If we can hold a world meeting for Pacific Relations at Tokyo, why not for political, at Nanking, Moscow, and Berlin? Why not expand to be as big as the earth? It is "utterly unthinkable" to me that any coming enterprises should be planned contrary to human brotherhood.

Before me is a letter from Hon. George Fowlds of Auckland. Hands across the Pacific! He is writing for my book to be, on the subject of Prayer. He is returning from Australia to New Zealand, where he has been to attend the Congregational Union, and has made several addresses to Rotary Clubs—an American enterprise that has been planted in many lands. He says that he believes that "service-giving not service-compelling is the law of social evolution" and is quite ecstatic over the thought. George Fowlds is one of the great men of New Zealand—once Minister of Education, and certainly would have been Premier, were he not a red-hot Prohibitionist, along with being a single-taxer.

Another of the readers of UNITY is Dr. Charles Strong of Melbourne, pastor of the Australian Church for over fifty years, started in with the Westminster Confession around his neck, but knew enough to cast the yoke fifty years ago; opposed vigorously and openly (no life sentences there for free speech) the Boer War and the last War, championed industrial legislation and social improvement! Another red-hot Prohibitionist; and as to Peace, where would the Peace cause of Australia be without him? This 83-year-old prophet is still preaching, and his sermons are broadcasted over that great island continent—as big as the United States. When he is taken—may he work for many years—all Australia will say, a prophet has been among us, and we "knew him not." Of him it may be written, in the words of an Australian poet, concerning Pioneers:

> Is not one joy on us alone bestowed?
> For us the Master—Joy, O Pioneers—
> We shall not travel, but we make the Road.

SYDNEY STRONG.

The South Stands Trial

The South stands trial! Who shall judge her then?
The North? Know you that Fanueil Hall,
"Cradle of Liberty!" New England's boast,
Was built in triple trade;—molasses,—rum,—
And—slaves? "Black Ivory," ironic name,
The corner-stone of Newport's wealth and pride,
Subsoil of Boston's "Broadcloth Mob." The North?

The South stands trial! Shall the West be judge?
The West, that could not make her Indians slaves,
And of her bounty therefore gave them lands
Accounted worthless; held them there as "wards"
Of politicians with more arid souls;
And of "A Century of Dishonor" made
Ramona's romance truck for tourist trade,
And bait for "realtors!" Even so, the West?

The South stands trial! Shall the Old South judge?
The South that for a whiff of profit sold
Its birthright in a wealth that had not failed.
That boasted cotton "King;" and found how kings
Fall prostrate when the tears and groans of slaves
Return in the tornadoes of the gods.
Let the dead have their dead! The Old South judge?

The South stands trial! Lo! the judge is there!
The New South that is virgin in our day.
The South that out of tribulation comes
Washing her garments in her first-born's blood,
To the celestial whiteness of a will
That, through whatever travail yet may bide,
Shall build a commonweal of the redeemed
Of every race, of every tongue, and kin,
And one condition, fit for all who live.
Why seek the judge afar? The judge is there!
Let the New South speak peace to the New Age.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

A Revaluation of Values

Never before in the history of mankind has one generation witnessed such staggering transformations. The last era has literally reshaped the world. It would be quite foolish to recount the triumphs of invention to any intelligent reader. It is equally clear that science has transformed every nook and cranny of the modern world. It has not only chained the lightning and weighed the sun, but has invaded our spiritual domain. It has investigated the languages that we speak and has analyzed our very dreams.

Coupled with this enormous advancement in science and invention, wealth and comfort have been bestowed upon men beyond the wildest dreams of our ancestors. The earth, the sea and the air are streaked with highways. Concrete and structural steel together with the scientific control of materials, have given us an architecture no longer enslaved to the caprices of nature. To a marvelous extent human ingenuity has relieved the world of countless forms of drudgery to which all former generations were doomed.

It has not been a comfortable life that we have lived. Every day has revealed new miracles and every new miracle has called for readjustment. Not a day has passed but we have been forced to alter our habits, rearrange our living conditions, shift our investments. We may like it or not. We must ride the trams, autos and Zeppelins, we must listen to telephones and radios, we must witness films. Moreover, we are forced to adopt new styles and modes of living, new habits of thought.

So great is the readjustment that this new world calls for, that many insist upon misjudging it altogether. We are told that modern man is like a newly rich person who has acquired a house that does not harmonize with his needs, a house in which he does not know how to live. The traditional critic who clings so lovingly to the past moreover tells us that this age is immersed in materialism, that it is an age of things, not men.

The writer finds himself entirely unable to agree with such a pessimistic view. Man to a very great degree has met the challenge of the modern world. It is only necessary to point to the hosts of industrious men who are active in our industries and science. The business world can proudly point to numbers of inspired, imaginative leaders and myriads of faithful servants dedicated to the ideal of service. When we hear the plaintive wail that the old craftsman has disappeared we are prone to forget that the new craftsman climbs our steel structures to dizzy heights without fear, showing a modest courage quite equal to the heroes of old. We forget the thousands who take the great risks of modern industry without complaint and self-glorification. Nor has the craftsman so completely lost his skill. While it is true that there is much ugliness in modern industry, man is rapidly learning to infuse real art into factory products. A Packard car is really far more beautiful than the gilded coaches of Louis XIV and many other instructive parallels of this kind might be drawn.

Again the critic of the past deplores that modern man is essentially materialistic, delighting in physical comforts and seeking physical pleasures. I fear that our traditionalist again is unfair, warped and biased by unwholesome prejudices of the past. The craving for material comfort is essentially sound. It has brought the world very substantial gains in sanitation and cleanliness. We may be grateful for our materialistic weakness for modern plumbing and vacuum cleaners. All this is producing a more wholesome world.

With it has come more beautiful, sanitary clothing. Men and women, once more have respect for their bodies. Men and women exercise as never before and the beauty parlors give evidence that they are cultivating their personalities, even if many of these efforts are still quite superficial and abortive. Much of this is simply the result of fitting into a readjusted environment as one sees readily enough when one imagines a hoop skirt in a modern automobile.

But the insistent critic complains about the younger generation of this modern era. We are told that it has lost practically all the virtues of the past and outrages our sense of propriety at every turn. There never has been an age that has not criticized its younger generation. From us it comes with poor grace, for what mature man or woman today could want the young people of our time to behave as badly as we did in our youth. We who were brought up by discipline from without exulted at every opportunity to violate that discipline. Our young people reject the outward discipline and are seeking a code that measures up to the requirements of changing conditions.

It is our task as elders not to rail at the change, but to make an honest attempt to help clear away the old rubbish and give the youngsters a chance to adjust themselves. For many errors of our young rebels we ourselves are to blame, because we constantly insist upon "attempting the future by the past's blood rusty key."

A sane solution of a moral problem can be approximated readily enough if it is approached in the proper manner. If we insist that the new is wrong because it is unlike the old we have small opportunity for a solution. Modern youth casts aside such tests and asks itself: is this conduct good for me in the long run, is it good for my city, my state, for society. Judged by this standard, old values frequently lose their validity.

Let us see how our alert youth fares with some of these! He hears much about the importance of loyalty. Upon critical examination he finds that there are many loyalties. Loyalty to home, city, country, school, family, class, race, profession, last but not least loyalty to humanity. He finds the problem not quite as simple as his elders have stated it and the inevitable result will be that he will shock them by his attitude.

He is told that a wholesome life is the outgrowth of discipline. He finds that he reacts negatively to discipline; that it makes him servile and mean. He learns that the only sound mainspring is the self-discipline that results from rational analysis, that the old discipline leaves a whole array of complexes in his character that hound him at every turn. Again he casts aside the old for the new, while the older generation gasps in amazement.

One of the most cherished sources of self-glorification of the older generation is its emphasis on ideals. Our younger generation at first approaches this ques-

tion quite reverently, for it has heard again and again that ideals are especially sacred. It soon learns, however, that many of the idealists of the former era were miserable failures in common workaday world, that they failed in their simplest human duties and found consolation in their idealism.

Wherever he turns, the critical youth is faced with perplexing problems. He has been taught that marriage is based upon emotional appeal approved by the sanction of the state and the church. He views the staggering number of wrecked families and begins to doubt one of the most cherished of human institutions. If he pursues the subject to its fundamentals, he finds that the modern world has made marriage much more precarious, that it no longer can be entered with the simple faith of our parents if it is to stand the strains. He finds that modern life may endanger the physical vigor of the man or the woman, with the result that the very basis of a happy marriage automatically disappears. He finds that in modern life our intellectual characteristics assert themselves, with the result that more serious clashes are inevitable. He finds that modern life results in utterly new emotions and since emotional life is essential to happy marriage still another source of danger appears. Finally the family lives under completely altered social and industrial conditions.

We *do* grant that family life must continue unless the race is to be doomed to degeneracy, but we of the older generation resolutely refuse to see that it requires infinitely greater skill to make the institution successful than in the pastoral days of our own youth. It does become necessary to revaluate all of our customs and habits connected with marriage, if we are to give the new generation a fair chance to solve the problems correctly.

Our older generation has given much praise to constancy. It should not be difficult for liberals to find fault with this old virtue. If they had been constant, they would still be communicants of the mother church. Constancy means paralysis, and the younger generation has grown unusually suspicious of it. Constancy to the old creeds, old laws, old social forms, old habits of living, old conceptions of right and wrong can hardly be defended any longer with the slightest chance of success.

But surely there must be some good in this old constancy that the elders have preached so insistently! Constancy to truth surely is an immutable thing which remains safe against the rebels. But no! We learn that truth itself is not constant, that truth grows and changes as other things do. What was true yesterday, therefore, cannot be quite true today and must be still more awry tomorrow. This thought may be somewhat new and staggering, but we confess that upon closer examination it does appeal to us as fairly reasonable.

But constancy in human relations seems to be another matter. Thou shalt be constant to thy friend, thy wife, thy father, thy mother. This has the soothing sound and rythm of orthodoxy, and we accept it because it does sound so well. As a matter of fact we never have taken this principle of personal constancy very seriously. How many friends we have left by the wayside, cast them out of our lives because in time we have come to consider them unworthy! Washington said, in his personal maxims, "It is better to be alone than in bad company." It therefore becomes important to revise the old dictum and to phrase it, "Do not remain constant to a friend unless he remains true to your expectations, unless he too lines himself up with the eternal law of growth."

The application of this principle to marriage would prevent much tragedy. If husband and wife realized more fully that marriage can continue to be happy only if both grow eternally, if the one or the other, or both, did not rely so blindly on the doctrine that "what God has put together, man shall not separate", the chances for happiness would be very greatly increased.

Thou shalt honor thy father and thy mother. This law of constancy surely is sacred. Thou shalt honor thy father, who has wrecked the community and defiled your family name. Thou shalt honor thy mother, who has not contributed a single thing to family and society since she has been safely married, since someone undertook to provide for her and remove her from industrial competition. Can we really accept the old injunction here, or must we modify it and weigh our very parents in the balance?

At the birth of his son, Richard Dehmel wrote a very inspiring poem to the precious object of his affections. He foretells the growth and development of this child and tells how when he is grown to manhood his father will stand and thunder injunctions at him. And when this happens, the poet cries out, when the old man thunders his injunctions *"Obey him not. Obey him not"!* Dehmel had the vision of revaluation of values.

Some years ago a certain professor said, "We of the university are engaged in the most dangerous of callings. Every year we are training possible successors for ourselves." How clear it is that this man was a miserable counterfeit of a scholar and teacher. It is the supreme joy of a teacher to find students who eclipse him, who can correct the errors that he may make, who can carry the beloved science forward or help move humanity on. Similarly it is the supreme joy of the parent to find that the child is rising above his own stature physically, mentally, morally. The supreme joy of parenthood is the consciousness of being completely eclipsed. Similarly the supreme joy of the older generation should be to see itself outstripped by those who are coming on to take their places.

Probably the outstanding ideal of the nineteenth century was democracy, and as Americans we are under a special obligation to treat it with reverence. But even on this question the twentieth century has applied its revaluations. It is true that equality of opportunity has given the world many a scientist who would have failed to develop under the old aristocracy of blood. But it was not long before it became clear that democracy in its broadest sense could not apply to science, that science could progress only through leadership. In the serious battle with disease, experts, not average men must make the momentous decisions. Industry soon learned this lesson and began to draft the fit for places of responsibility. The business world discovered that it did not pay to rely upon the average man. Gradually this principle also was timidly applied to our schools. In favored spots it was even tried out

in politics, especially in connection with municipal government.

Our life broadly is divided into two units, our work activity and our leisure. In all matters that touch our work we have come to rely more and more upon the expert, in all things that concern our leisure we have failed to take a similar attitude. Our leisure is probably the most important period of our existence, for our utilization of it determines largely the development of our character. During our leisure hours we are made or marred. It is during our leisure hours that we find our contacts with the fine arts. It is because we have given so little thought to our leisure that our art has languished. American art is still made for the democratic averages. Our music is still of such a character that it fails to appeal to intelligent, well balanced individuals and our stage on the whole is fit only for morons. Does any one really believe that the intelligent American is half as exacting in these matters as he is in any of the interests that touch his profession or his business life? What is produced in this connection is so poor that we can barely tolerate it. It *should* be so good that we are inpsired by it, that it lifts us out of the workaday world, sheds a new lustre over our existence, quickens us into an ecstacy that might enable us to do the hard work of the world in the spirit of play.

It is the misunderstood democracy of the older generation that is doing the mischief. Our theaters employ checkers who make a record of the applause of the mob and plan to give more and more of what the mob applauds. Our theaters are built for crowds and the larger the theater becomes, the more stupid the performance is likely to be. The same kind of democracy dominates the studio and the illustrated magazine. It is present in our music, in the theater, the concert hall and the church. It likewise dominates the literature that engages our hours of leisure. Scarcely anywhere is there a tendency to present an art that reaches ahead, that calls for effort, that gives chances for strenuous joy. Unintelligent, improbable tragedy and comedy that makes us giggle but never excites complete laughter that reaches the diaphragm.

What an awful existence it is to live day after day and month after month without reading a book that taxes one's ability to the utmost. How terrible it is to listen to music that flits over the surface of one's consciousness. How appalling it is to witness play after play that does not stir us to the very depths. It is like a trained athlete who is satisfied with contests with the subnormal. It is shorn of all of the mysterious joy of achievement.

Richard Wagner once said that he hoped that a new social and industrial order might enable man to do his work in four hours so he might at last take his art seriously. This seemed to be a foolish statement at the time, but we have revaluated so many things that it may look less foolish to us.

Real art always presupposes great skill and a *supreme* effort on the part of the artist. When the latter is lacking, when the supreme effort is not made, art sinks back into mere craftsmanship and loses its inspirational force.

In the last analysis the most important thing in life has to do with manners, with behavior, with social intercourse. Moliere's great plays are called the comedy of manners and it is clear that manners constitute the supreme element in this thing that we call civilization.

The manners of the average man and woman have improved amazingly in a single generation. Quite especially is this true of the younger generation. I wish that we might say this of the upper classes as well. Have they kept step or are they failing because they have not revaluated the thing known as democracy. Have the upper classes been leveled down to the lockstep of the commonplace?

It is difficult to discuss this question without danger of misinterpretation. Heaven forbid the development of the snob, the bluestocking. May we never forget Goethe's injunction that we must have reverence for all that are above us, and all that are beneath us so we may have real reverence for ourselves. But we also remember Carlyle's famous words, "Will you gossip with your stable boy when you might talk with kings and queens?" High pitched social intercourse remains the most exquisite pleasure known to man. Is it being cultivated? Are our best souls being refined and stimulated by it or are the choicest men and women being coarsened and devitalized by lack of social intercourse? How can we develop an American culture if the best personalities lose touch with each other and all communication is limited to books or mechanical contrivances that convey the human voice? Will not such a culture turn out to be an unlovely Frankenstein?

In no domain, however, should the revaluation be more complete than in the spiritual. Time was when the spiritual was simply confused with the sanctimonious. Even the passing generation confused saintliness with anaemia, spirituality with a negative wailing about the futility of life. The new generation demands saints that are really alive, men and women with glorious bodies, instinct with the will to live, not resigned and obedient but filled with the impulse to affirm life; men and women to whom sorrow and sadness and depression are tantamount to sacrilege, men and women converted to the philosophy of joy with the capacity to create positive values.

PAUL H. GRUMMANN.

Prayer for Poets

Give us words that vibrate
With mighty rhythm
Of machines in row
Revolving
From engine fires below.

Give us words that hold
Like jaws of angry dredgers
Digging up the land
For buildings
Grimly iron-spanned.

Give us words as firm
As metal girders are
Framing blocks that file
The concrete
Stone-laid pile on pile.

Give us modern words
Of tooled metallic fire
To burn a pattern wrought
In timeless
And dynamic thought.

ANNA HAWKS PUTNAM.

India in Bondage

Some months ago, our honored friend and fellow-editor, I. T. Sunderland, published in India a remarkable book entitled, "India In Bondage". This book appeared under the distinguished auspices of the publishing house of R. Chatterjee, editor of the *Modern Review*, which is one of the best-known and influential of Indian magazines. Dr. Sunderland's volume represents on the part of the author the fine fruitage of a long and scholarly life devoted, among many other things, to the liberty and enlightenment of India. No one American is so famous and so beloved in this far eastern land as Dr. Sunderland, and his book, a copy of which lies here upon my desk as I write, gives eloquent testimony as to the reasons for the reverence in which he is held by Indians. A survey of Indian history, a remorseless betrayal of contemporary injustices under British rule, a passionate plea for the freedom of an oppressed and exploited people, this volume may well become a classic in the literature of India's emancipation.

Now comes suddenly the news that "India in Bondage" has been suppressed by the authorities, the publication office raided and plundered, Mr. Chatterjee arrested on the charge of sedition, and even the manuscript of Dr. Sunderland's book seized and held. A personal account of what happened has been given by Mr. Chatterjee in a letter to Mahatma Gandhi, as follows:

On the 24th instant when I returned from my office at about 11:30 A. M., my second son told me that a Bengali police officer had come to search my house in connection with Dr. J. T. Sunderland's "India in Bondage: Her Right to Freedom." Here I should tell you that I live in a hired house in Bhawanipur (2-1, Townshend Road). It is about 5 miles from the house (91, Upper Circular Road), also hired, where my press and office are situated.

On being told that a police officer had come to search my house, I entered the sitting room, where I found a man in plain clothes seated in a chair. The two constables in uniform who were with him had been kept waiting at some distance from my house. The officer asked me whether I had any printed copies of "India in Bondage" &c., any mss. thereof, and any correspondence with the author relating to it in the nature of any business agreement. Thereupon I gave him one printed copy of the book,—there was no other copy in my house,—and two typewritten copies of the Indian and American editions. I also gave him the original copy of the agreement with the author signed by Dr. Sunderland by which I had bound myself to give him 25 per cent of the face value of each copy of the book sold. I gave the man the covering letter also. He saw that there were a few other letters, including Rabindranath Tagore's opinion of the book, tied up with one of the mss., but these he did not take. He then wrote out an inventory of the things taken, got it signed by two local search witnesses, gave me a carbon copy, and went away. The warrant he had with him was only for searching my house. He was throughout polite.

In the meantime, another Bengali police officer had gone to my press and office, as I learned by telephone a little before twelve. His warrant was for searching the premises and arresting Mr. Sajanikanta Das, B. Sc., the printer and publisher of the book. From my press and office, the officer took away 42 copies of the second edition of the book, one copy of the first edition, the ms. from which the book was printed, and a few cash memos and other documents to show that copies of the book had been sold and sent by V. P. P. The printer and publisher was also arrested at my office and released on bail then and there on his signing a bond for Rs. 1,000. His trial for sedition will commence on June 4 at the Presidency Magistrate's Court. At my office also the police officer was polite.

This event has stirred India. The Bombay *Chronicle* has given it large space in its columns. Mahatma Gandhi has of course lifted up his potent voice in protest and alarm. Writing in *Young India*, he says:

Let us thank the police that they were courteous. It would have been monstrous, if they had been otherwise. But a search is a search even though it is courteous. Golden fetters are no less galling to a self-respecting man than iron ones. The sting lies in the fetters, not in the metal. The search itself was wholly unjustified. For Sjt. Ramananda Chatterjee is not a nonentity of an editor. He is one of the foremost among journalists. He and his magazine enjoy an international reputation. The *Modern Review* is known for its sobriety and correctness of statement. It is one of the most cultured magazines commanding contributions from some of the most noted writers in India. Where was the occasion for the search? If Dr. J. T. Sunderland's book is seditious, let the publishers be prosecuted by all means, but the information the police required could have been obtained without any dramatic performance. But to the Government of the day a dramatic performance is the thing they want. The tallest among us must be occasionally bent, lest we forget ourselves. Hence this exhibition of the red claw. There used to be in the mutiny days a rehearsal of humiliations. This search of Sjt. Ramananda Chatterjee and much that is going on at the present moment is an edition of those rehearsals. They will continue till we learn to resent and resist such wanton insults. . . .

The point is not whether the book is seditious. The point is that searches and arrests are wholly uncalled for where the purpose can be served without them, and that they are the order of the day in India only in order to overawe and humiliate a whole people. This studied humiliation is one of the chosen methods which the ruling race consider necessary in order that they—though less than one hundred thousand—may rule three hundred million people. It is a state of things we must strain every nerve to remedy. To command respect is the first step to Swaraj.

Dr. Sunderland has one source of comfort at least. His book is well named! If anything could prove that "India is in bondage", this is it.

J. H. H.

The Cry of Youth

[A Hymn on Behalf of Child Laborers]

From city street, and slum, and mill,
From factory and field,
The piteous cry of youth that toils
Comes forth from lips unsealed:
"The learning of the school we ask,
The joys of sturdy health,
The shelter of a happy home
In our great Commonwealth.

"We ask not for ourselves alone,
But, for youth everywhere;
Remove our heavy yoke of toil,
The burden that we bear,
We are your children and in us
Resides the future state,
Will you deprive us of youth's needs
And leave us desolate?"

From end to end of this broad land
Let this cry echo long,
Until all childhood is set free,
The sick and weak made strong;
Until our dwellings have become
Our homes, in very truth;
Until our churches and our schools
Are filled with joyous youth.

MARGUERITE EMILIO.

The Study Table

"Slaves of the Gods"*

Miss Katherine Mayo has written a second book with the object, if we may judge from the opening and closing chapters, of substantiating her indictment in "Mother India." The book contains twelve heart-breaking pictures of Indian life which taken together constitute an inferno of human suffering and degradation. Miss Mayo assures us that the episodes are "taken from real life" and that "their sole purpose is to re-state some of the main points developed in 'Mother India.'"

The twelve pictures seek to portray the evils of child marriage, child widowhood, temple prostitution, the untouchable outcasts, the superstition and suffering of India's womanhood, the cruelty of its manhood, and the degradation of its principal religion—Hinduism.

After fifteen years' residence in India what strikes one first about the book is that it is so cruelly unfair. It perpetuates and intensifies the fault of "Mother India." One could say of this second book, as of the first, that while the bulk of it is factual the total impression is false. If Miss Mayo had frankly characterized her former volume as a description of the sewers and cesspools of India, it would have been, despite many inaccuracies and several deliberately unfair quotations, on the whole true. But to call this India, or "Mother India," is, as officially stated by the National Christian Council, the representative missionary body of all India,

> untrue as to the facts, and unjust to the people of India. The sweeping generalizations . . . are entirely untrue as a description of India as a whole . . . The ugly, repulsive and disgusting aspects of it that are emphasized in the book are not the predominant thing in Indian society.

Suppose one wrote a book on America and confined it to lynching, crime, bootlegging, political corruption, the regime of Mayor Thompson in Chicago, etc. If it were entitled "The Shame of America" every line of it might be true; but if it were called "America" or "Mother America" it would be deeply false.

No unprejudiced Indians will deny that grave evils exist in India. Many Indians have been bravely fighting against them for generations, especially since 1830, not merely "during the last eighteen months" since Miss Mayo's former book was written, nor "largely the effect of American and European public opinion suddenly concentrated on practical aspects of Hindu life," as Miss Mayo seems to think.

She has inordinately praised everything British and condemned almost everything Indian, yet many British officials would agree with a former governor of one of India's most populous provinces who told the writer of this review how "Mother India" has caused such bitterness and race hatred, that it has greatly increased the difficulty of the British Government in India and hindered the working of the Simon Commission in its attempt to find a solution of India's problems. Whatever their faults, Indians will take anything spoken in love by her own sons or by men like C. F. Andrews who have given their lives in sacrificial service for their welfare. But it will be morally impossible for any people to take to heart the measure of truth these books contain when written so unfairly by so contemptuous a critic.

A sample of the unfairness of the book is found in the two chapters where Gandhi is again held up to ridicule. As an apostle of love and non-violence, probably more people would die for him today than for any living man. Yet in Miss Mayo's account, supposed to be typical, his followers are represented as laying a curse upon a poor widow which drives her to commit suicide. Her injustice to Mr. Gandhi is similar to her apparently deliberate misquotation and misrepresentation of the poet Tagore, and many other Indians, in her former volume.

To increase a sense of pharisaic superiority America might well complacently read these two books. But it would be more healthful to "see America first." Before reading these twelve pieces of fiction in "Slaves of the Gods," an American would do well first to read a more terrible indictment of his own country that might well be entitled "Mother America." Here, not twelve, but four hundred and fifty American mothers, broken in health, write authentic letters as to the facts of their lives that cannot be relieved under our laws, in Margaret Sanger's recent "Motherhood in Bondage." No one who reads it will have the heart to cast a stone at men or women of any other suffering race. Rather he will be inclined humbly to seek to put his own house in order first.

Yet more dangerous is Miss Mayo's apparent identification of herself with Christianity and her wholesale and bitter condemnation of Hinduism which may lead many to hate her religion as her former book led them to hate her country in particular and the white race in general.

SHERWOOD EDDY.

*Slaves of the Gods. By Katherine Mayo, Harcourt Brace and Co.

A Negro Story

Books dealing with the Negro are pouring in upon us. Formerly such books would have been chiefly sociological in character. We would have read for three hundred or four hundred pages of the Negro in his relation to America, of the basis for the supremacy of the white man, of the defects of Negro character; or the argument would have concerned itself with the injustice of the white and the extraordinary achievements of the black race. Today such writing has almost disappeared. Instead, the propagandist turns to fiction and under this guise gets over his ideas regarding race.

Esther Hyman, however, is not a propagandist. She has chosen Negro material because she finds it interesting. She tells the story* of Lucea, a West Indian girl of mixed parentage. Her heroine begins life in Jamaica, and when she is a young woman goes to London. She seeks London as a refuge, a land of freedom, but neither in London nor Jamaica can she escape the color line. She is beautiful, intelligent. White men like her, sometimes fall in love with her, but they do not offer her marriage. One familiar with the West Indies has often seen this bronze Lucea, lovely, graceful, dancing at the hotel with some young Englishman, not of the demi-monde but also not quite in the conventional social set. The tragedy of her

*Study in Bronze. By Esther Hyman. Published by Henry Holt and Co. $2.50.

position especially appeals to the white looker-on. She is so evidently between two worlds.

In England Lucea finds comfort for a time, and rejoices in what she feels to be her freedom. But the man who loves her declares that they can have no children, and she, seeing his revolt against her color, becomes his mistress, not his wife. She is tempted to join the class of prostitutes, but her fastidiousness holds her back. It is not her moral sense that keeps Lucea from dropping into "the pit of bestiality," she does not care about the "law given by God and sanctioned by man," that grips Jane Eyre when she gives up Rochester, but she does care about her own good taste, her own sense of the fitness of things. So she renounces the purely sensual life.

The novel in its central theme reminds one of Nella Larsen's "Quicksand." Both deal with the mulatto. Both send their heroines abroad, the one to London, the other to Copenhagen, and both heroines are impelled to return to their own kind. Homesickness, that nostalgia for one's own land that all people feel, whatever their race, grips them. But the heroine of "Quicksand" in the end gives way to hysterical emotion, while Lucea keeps her poise. She is an attractive figure still when she sails back into the Kingston Port, and looking upon the mountains in their misty haze recalls the line of her first piece of verse:

I had forgotten your beauty, hills, my hills.

We leave her endeavoring to find the rhyme words for a sonnet, and we are conscious that the author believes she will write a good one. For Lucea has the imagination of the poet, and hopes for the poet's career. She is convinced that she is not part or parcel of any people. She is her intense, individual self and her mixed blood gives her freedom from both races. And in this philosophy the book ends.

MARY WHITE OVINGTON.

Lord Morley's Memorandum

This little volume* was originally published in this country in the pages of the *New Republic,* and was reviewed at length at that time in these columns. Mention is now made of the book again in order to inform our readers of its availability in this more permanent form. The "Memorandum" is a document of priceless historical value. Published a full fifteen years after the opening of the War, it shows how utterly was England committed to France, how single and determined was Grey's war policy, how specious an excuse was the Belgian invasion for England's entrance into the War, and how clear was Morley's vision. As a confirmation of the pacifist position in 1914, and after, the little book is of incomparable importance.

J. H. H.

*"Memorandum on Resignation," by John Viscount Morley. Published by the Macmillan Co. $2.

Correspondence

A Pebble at Whatever House It Hits

Editor of UNITY:

When I read in UNITY an article of such bigotry and intolerance as "Glass Houses and Throwing Stones" in the issue of July 29, I am not surprised to find with it an editorial note—"It gives us particular pleasure to publish this article * * * We anticipate other articles from her pen."

I do not propose to discuss Miss Mayo's book. I have traveled in India just enough to have decided opinions about it, but I do not care to express them. I leave that for people as wise as your correspondent, who, I judge, knows of India chiefly through such reading as she has chosen to confirm her prejudices. But I write to comment on one sentence which in a way characterizes her whole article—the "You're another" argument. That is, such preference as some white people in America have for their own color and race is adduced as a complete answer to India's cruel and remorseless persecution of castes of their own blood and nationality; and industrial exploitation and the world war ready bludgeons to hit any head in sight.

The Psalmist (or one of the Psalmists, for I should not like that any inadvertent use of the singular as an inclusive noun should expose me to an accusation of supposing that David wrote them all, any more than I should wish my orthodoxy to be exposed to your correspondent's wrath against "a plebeian, indecent and barbarous faith"). The Psalmist, or a Psalmist, said, or is reported to have said, in his haste, that all men are liars. I believe he afterward felt some compunction by reason of the sweeping nature of his affirmation, and perhaps was more troubled about it than he had need to be. I think, however, he never made any disavowal of his opinion regarding those who begin their prevarications "Statistics claim." Your correspondent represents the missionary doctor as saying "Statistics claim that there are almost as many child marriages in the United States as in India." Now, assuming that this statement means the kind of child-marriages Miss Mayo talks about, marriages legal, and socially desirable according to the standards of established usage, marriages of little girls disgraced unless they are not only contracted but consummated before the age of puberty, will you please request the lady whose articles you are eagerly awaiting to incorporate into her next article those statistics and to state the authority from which they emanate?

And would it not be well if UNITY were not so intolerant, and were a little more careful about the truth of some of its contributions?

WILLIAM E. BARTON.

Foxboro, Massachusetts.

[Dr. Barton is a distinguished clergyman and scholar. His books on Lincoln hold us perpetually in his debt. But we think he is wrong in this attack on UNITY and its contributor. This paper has convictions but no intolerance. It is the habit of intolerance to resent and suppress criticism. We do not resent (though we regret) this letter, and we gladly print it.—Editor.]

Against Prohibition

Editor of UNITY:

I am herewith handing you my check for $3.00, for which please renew my subscription to UNITY.

UNITY contains many inspirational messages, but I must confess that your Editor-in-Chief at times is a disappointment. His nonsense on Prohibition is about on a par with Mr. Bryan's anti-evolution nonsense. As an advocate of the philosophy of Non-resistance, I would recommend for Dr. Holmes's perusal a little book entitled "A Religion for the New Day" by Dr. Dole. A sentence, I recall at this moment, which reveals the folly of the gospel of force which is inherent in all prohibitive legislation is: "The Pharisee never sees that the reservoirs of life are shut off as soon as we try to force our morals, our Christianity, our democracy on the unwilling and the unready." The police force of the land is animated with the spirit of force and after thirty-five years of close contact with courts and their proceedings I am persuaded that the same spirit is in and about a so-called Court of Justice. For real progress let us not rely on Law Enforcement.

CHARLES R. ECKERT.

Pierre de Theze Returns to France

Editor of UNITY:

Some months ago you kindly published a letter signed by us describing the plight of French conscientious objectors in exile in the penal colony of French Guiana on the South American coast, and asking for aid in helping those who have served their sentences return to their native land.

It is a pleasure to report that to date the gratifying sum of $1,242.73 has been subscribed solely in response to our

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CUBA HONORS EDITOR FREDERICK STARR

Frederick Starr announces to his friends that he has been elected Academico Correspondiente of the National Academy of Arts and Letters of Cuba. The honor was unexpected and is highly appreciated. The Academy consists of ninety-nine members. There are 53 full members, all of whom live in Havana and its neighborhood, 18 corresponding members living in Cuba, and a possible 28 living in foreign countries—Spain, Mexico, Ecuador, Peru, Brazil and the United States. There are but two other corresponding members in the United States, John D. Fitz-Gerald, eminent Spanish scholar of the University of Illinois, and Charles Moore, conservator of manuscripts of the Library of Congress at Washington, D. C. Professor Starr has recently received notice of his election.

A TRIBUTE TO OUR AUSTRALIAN CORRESPONDENT

Every month brings us from Melbourne an uncompromising journal, the *Commonweal,* edited by that gallant pioneer Dr. Charles Strong, and crammed with serviceable facts about the things that matter—free thought, social progress and economic reform, criminal law reform, better education, peace and internationalism, etc. More than forty years ago Dr. Strong resigned his position as a Parish Minister in Scotland, and founded the Australian Church in Melbourne where he and it have headed the march of progress to this very day. Like ourselves, Dr. Strong looks for a drawing together of world-religions on the basis of their common ethics and spiritual aims as the surest way to make international peace secure. He has nobly borne the tri-color of freedom, peace and unity through a long and strenuous career. He is one of those who can justly say of themselves: "I would rather fall under my burden in the dust at the foot of the ladder leaning against the unfinished Temple of the future, than to rule, the proudest of monarchs, in a kingdom that is to pass away."

—*The Way* (London).

CHURCH LEADERS SUPPORT PRESIDENT HOOVER'S ARMS CUT POLICY

The Protestant churches of America are actively supporting President Hoover's disarmament moves, according to a telegraphic referendum, the results of which have been made public by Stanley High, editor of *The Christian Herald.* The heads of fifteen denominations, representing a church membership of 15,861,943 persons, expressed complete approval of the President's position.

"It is doubtful," said Mr. High, "if the official leadership of Protestantism has ever before gone so unanimously on record in support of a specific governmental measure. In addition to these denominational leaders, the referendum includes the support of officials of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and the president of the National Commission of Protestant Church Women.

"It is significant that in this list of the elected leaders of so many churches —some of them widely separated on matters of belief—there was not a single dissenting vote in regard to the president's action.

"How determined is this church-backing for the President's disarmament plans and his move to stop cruiser-building is apparent in the telegrams of approval which were received in reply to our inquiry."

Following is the list of church leaders who endorsed the move of President Hoover to suspend cruiser-building and move toward disarmament:

Dr. John Calvin Broonfield, moderator, Methodist Protestant Church.

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, former president, Federal Council of Churches.

Bishop A. R. Clippinger, chairman of board of bishops of United Brethren in Christ.

Dr. Frank G. Coffin, president of General Conference of Christian Church.

Dr. C. L. Hill, president, Seventh Day Baptist Conference.

Dr. E. S. Hagen, president, Provincial Elders' Conference of Moravian Church in America.

Dr. E. S. Jouett, ex-president, International Convention of the Disciples of Christ.

Dr. F. H. Knuble, president, United Lutheran Church.

Dr. Charles MacFarlane, general secretary, Federal Council of Churches.

Dr. Cleland B. McAfee, moderator, Northern Presbyterian Church.

Bishop William F. McDowell, Senior

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letter published in several sympathetic journals. Pierre de Theze, the first exile to whom money was sent, has received the $125.00 passage money forwarded to him, and wrote that he was to return to France on the June boat.

As soon as our representatives in Europe are able to consult with him, we will work out a plan to effect the prompt return of the other war objectors in French Guiana.

ROGER BALDWIN,
PAUL JONES,
JOHN NEVIN SAYRE.

A Market for Prison Goods

Editor of UNITY:

There are incarcerated in the various prisons in all parts of the country persons who are craftsmen of a high order, and who are capable of turning out goods of rare beauty and excellent quality.

In many penal institutions the inmates are permitted to utilize their spare time in making with their own materials, almost any salable article that they may care to.

Some make inlaid wooden objects which are so intricately and exquisitely done that they are actually treasures one is proud to own and display. Others understand loom work and produce hand-loomed rugs, and lace scarfs and centerpieces that are a revelation in color harmony and good taste.

Metal-craft is also practiced and in a prison in the southwest they make hammered silver jewelry set with the turquoise matrix which equals the best work of that type produced anywhere.

Many with nimble fingers produce beaded purses and necklaces which have the identical chic of the Parisian importations. In one western prison horsehair belts are made that are not only a delight to the eye, but are extremely utilitarian as well. Attractive neckties, socks, and other articles are produced.

Practically all of these men, even the most highly gifted, are poor, with dependents on the outside, and with cravings and ambitions which they have not the means to gratify. In some prisons eyeglasses and dental work are supplied only when inmates can pay for them.

The pressing problem is to market the goods, which on account of their seclusion, and in most cases lack of interested friends, is very difficult and likely to result in bitter discouragement and sullen dejection.

Because I believe in helping people to help themselves, and also in encouraging unusual ability, even though behind prison bars, I have offered to assist to find a market for the work of a number of these men in about a dozen state prisons, and would be greatly pleased to hear from anyone willing to assist them by purchasing articles, and also from persons who would consider accepting and trying to sell consignments of the goods.

ELSA L. WIDMAYER.

Route 3, Box 929, Edgewater, Colo.

For Dr. Skinner

Editor of UNITY:

. . . UNITY is the source of most of my inspiration in religion and social service. I am a speaker on peace and have had the great pleasure of presenting Clarence Skinner's article, "Christianity or War?" from UNITY to twenty different audiences this past year. Will you please pass this word of gratitude on to him?

HELEN B. ANTHONY.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

College Youth

Editor of UNITY:

If you will read President Faunce's "Facing Life," you will find the plain implication that many college youths belong in the class of those mentioned by me—physically mature young men and presumably educated. The confessedly "sound statement" is applicable to more than we want to think of the so-called "cultural and social class."

CHARLES CHAMBERS CONNER.

East Northfield, Mass.

Bishop, Methodist Episcopal Church.
Dr. John McNaugher, moderator, United Presbyterian Church.
Alton L. Miller, president, Northern Baptist Convention.
Bishop John M. Moore, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.
Bishop Edwin D. Mouzon, Methodist Episcopal Church, South.
Dr. Shailer Mathews, former president, Federal Council of Churches.
Dr. Frank Mason North, former president Federal Council of Churches.
Dr. Daniel A. Poling, president of General Synod of Reformed Church in America.
Dr. Charles E. Schaeffer, president, General Synod of Reformed Church in the United States.
Fred B. Smith, moderator, National Council of Congregational Churches.
Walter C. Woodward, general secretary, Society of Friends in America.
Dr. William Ray Dobyns, moderator, Southern Presbyterian Church.
Mrs. John Ferguson, president, National Commission of Protestant Church Women.

LABOR UNIONISM AND COOPERATION

Every few years some wing or faction of the American Trade Union Movement comes out with a new statement about consumers' cooperation, stimulates a certain amount of superficial interest in the subject among some union members, and arouses in the minds and hearts of the less experienced among the cooperators a great deal of high hope that at last the labor movement has definitely become converted to an understanding of the economic importance of cooperation. Alas, how often have these hopeful cooperators been disillusioned!

The last gesture of importance made by the American Federation of Labor was during the war. In 1916 the Convention at Baltimore directed President Gompers to appoint a Committee on Cooperation. This committee brought into the 1917 Convention at Buffalo several excellent recommendations, one of which ruled out of consideration all cooperatives not organized on strictly Rochdale principles, another advising that the President appoint for one year a salaried lecturer and adviser on cooperation, and still another suggesting that all local trade unions contribute $1 to the financing of such an adviser and his office. As a result of this recommendation upward of $3,200 was actually raised from the unions, but what was ever done with it or with the various fine programs of action we confess we do not know.

Recently certain labor leaders and rank and file union members met in New York and organized the "Conference for Progressive Labor Action," throwing down a direct challenge to what they called the reactionary policies of the A. F. of L. leadership, but at the same time disclaiming any sympathy with the Communists. This conference likewise passed an excellent resolution on the subject of consumers' cooperation. A few cooperators who are at the same time trade unionists were present at that conference.

And now, in his "Reply to Progressives," Matthew Woll attempts to refute the charges brought against him and his fellow members of the Central Council of the Federation, and among other things says: "As for furthering genuine cooperative enterprises among the workers, no American authority on the cooperative movement has ever said or can say that American labor has ever neglected any possible effort to help their cause."

We regret to differ rather sharply with Brother Woll, but he is all wrong. And we believe that just about every cooperative authority in the country will back us up in that statement. True, there are individual unionists who have done their utmost for cooperation, but among trade union leaders we have found exceedingly small enthusiasm for the movement. At this moment we can think of no well known official of higher rank in the A. F. of L. other than John Walker, President of the Illinois State Federation of Labor, Andrew P. Bower, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Federation, and Thomas J. Donnelly, Secretary of the Illinois Federation, who has conscientiously and consistently worked for the establishment of consumers' cooperatives among the workers of the country. There are, fortunately, certain leaders among the Railroad Brotherhoods and other independent unions like the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America who have a good record, but Mr. Woll is not referring to them.

It yet remains to be seen whether the new C. P. L. A. will actually do anything in behalf of the cooperative movement. But it is evident that we are now in for another period of renewed interest in the subject at any rate on the part of many trade unionists.

—Cooperation.

THE "ATROCITY" GAME: AN EXAMPLE

After the Germans invested Antwerp the Cologne *Gazette* printed the following item:

"When the fall of Antwerp got known, the church bells were rung."

The church bells were the church bells of Germany.

The editor of the Paris *Le Matin*, avidly seizing upon this dispatch, interpreted and reproduced it as follows:

"According to the Cologne *Gazette*, the clergy of Antwerp were compelled to ring the church bells when the fortress was taken."

Crossing the Channel, the story underwent a sea change. This is how it reads in the London *Times:*

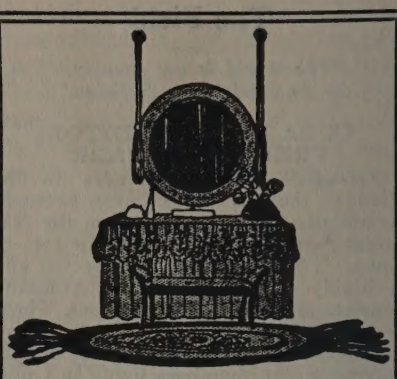
"According to what *Le Matin* has heard from Cologne, the Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been driven away from their places."

Resuming its pilgrimage, the story recrossed the Channel and reached Rome. Behold its metamorphosis in the *Corriere della Sera*:

"According to what the *Times* has heard from Cologne, via Paris, the unfortunate Belgian priests who refused to ring the church bells when Antwerp was taken have been sentenced to hard labor."

Flashed back to *Le Matin* from Rome, the item, decked out with gruesome details, reappears a full-fledged German atrocity:

"According to information to the *Corriere della Sera* from Cologne via London, it is confirmed that the barbaric conquerors of Antwerp punished the unfortunate Belgian priests for their heroic refusal to ring the church bells by hanging them as living clappers to the bells with their heads down."



IN SEPTEMBER

Comes another putting in order of the home. Vacations over, children starting back to school, social activities soon to commence, many things to be cleansed and conditioned. All of which suggests the use of this service, which so expertly will restore your clothing and the rugs and fabrics of your home.

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